

My Secrets of Love

by
Elinor Glyn

The Famous Author of
"Three Weeks"
"His Hour"
"Where Love Leads"
Etc.

Illustrated by Howard Chandler Christy

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"Is the English woman less attractive than the women of other nations?"

No. XXIX. Another's View of English Lovers.

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I AM always interested in and give pause to consider any honest difference of opinion from my own thoughts. Recently, the readers of this page will recollect, I said the great lovers of history have seldom been Englishmen.

Pursuing this thought, I wrote that "We have not in the whole of English history one case of a famous great man being overcome by an absorbing love, except Nelson, as far as I can remember, unless one could count Marlborough and his Sarah; but there may have been a good deal of the fear of a shrew mixed up in that."

I also asked whether the reason for this was that the English woman is less attractive than those of other nations, or that the Englishman is less impressionable.

I am much interested, therefore, in a rather different view of the problem as put forth by Mr. C. Hagberg Wright, who has taken the trouble to controvert my views as follows:

"In the first place, I content the statement that these great loves attributed to Frenchmen and others of Continental birth were ever such as to 'overcome' the lover in the case and mould his destiny in any serious degree. Among the examples cited in your letters I would contend that Abolard, had he not been actuated in the first place by personal ambition, need not have lost his Heloise nor surrendered her to the seclusion of a convent. The gallant Chevalier de Bouffier's career was enlivened by a string of episodes in which he was, if anything, more often the pursued than the pursuer; and as for Ninon de l'Enclos, I doubt if among her legion of satellites there is truly one whose fortunes can be said to have been marred by the force of his devotion to her fascinating personality.

"With Englishmen, on the other hand, it appears to my poor judgment that their immunity from superlative attachments is only on the surface. Because there are few published collections of English love letters it by no means follows that few or none exist. Reticence on such matters is implicit in the national character and enforced by public sentiment. The famous lines—

"I could not love thee, dear, so well
Loved I not honor more"

express the feeling of not one Englishman only, but of most. Yet, notwithstanding the penalty attached to open scandal, an overmastering love has in our own times wrecked a brilliant political career, and the loves of English poets have not seldom passed the bounds of platonic adoration. Are there not names which merely to mention suggest whole volumes of romance? Burns and his Highland Mary, Keats and Fanny Brawne.

"And what of Charles Ratcliffe, Earl of Derwentwater, who, finding mere words availed him nothing in his pursuit of Lady Newburgh, conceived the daring plan of entering her bedchamber by means of the chimney, and thus induced her to accept him as a husband?"

"Of course this list might be swelled ad infinitum by including those fair ladies whom our kings and princes have time and again delighted to honor with a pursuit from which the ultimate goal of matrimony was perforce excluded.

"There is, indeed, no lack of such instances. In conclusion, however, I must utter my sincere conviction that, in spite of appearances, women in all countries and all times is the hunter not excellence. It is only by dint of superlative coquetry that this incontrovertible fact is ever concealed."

Appropos of this interesting discussion I add a few questions which have been sent to me marked "From the Note Book of an Englishman on Love."

Love and money are like strawberries and cream—always best together.

Love is something that comes when we least expect it, and goes just as we think we have made it respectable.

The conversation of lovers is inexhaustible, but it soon exhausts the lover of conversation.

Love levels all inequalities—except those that matter.

Howard Chandler Christy



Constance Talmadge

in

"Two Weeks"

Evidently Connie is finding it pretty easy to listen to the chap in the cutaway. But then, we'll say this Talmadge child is pretty easy to talk to. This "pic", they say, is her crowning success.

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Film Corporation

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October 15, 1917

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The Embarrassing Problem of the Young King of Greece and His Peasant Girl Wife

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Ex-Queen Sophie, Wife of the Deposed King Constantine, Who Leads the Hostility to Her Son's Peasant Bride.

If Greece Accepts Her, He Will Have a Queen Despised by Europe's Royalties; If His Government Withholds Approval, He Will Have a Legal Wife, but No Queen

PARIS, June 16. NEVER has a King been placed in a more distressing predicament than young King Alexander of Greece through his romantic marriage to a peasant born, non-royal but beautiful wife of peasant origin—Helen Manos.

The marriage took place secretly in Athens without the consent of the Greek Government or the presence of any representative of that Government. Such consent and representation are necessary by law in order to give any woman marrying the Greek King the rank and position of Queen with all its privileges and dignities. The same formalities are also needed to give any woman marrying into the reigning family the rank of a royal princess. But they are not necessary to make the woman a legal wife.

While the King omitted the formality of obtaining his Government's consent to his marriage, he also made a match repugnant to the ideas of his haughty mother, ex-Queen Sophie of Greece, sister of the fallen German Kaiser, or her husband ex-King Constantine and nearly all the royal caste.

If the Greek Government decides to recognize Alexander's wife as Queen, then he will have a Queen who will be despised by his father and mother and all his royal kinsmen and practically all the royalties of Europe.

If, on the other hand, the Greek Government refuses to acknowledge her as Queen, then he will be legally married to a woman who cannot share his rank. The marriage is strictly legal from the Greek point of view and cannot be set aside for any cause whatever, according to the laws of the Greek Orthodox Church, to which both parties belong.

To be outraged from his royal relations—the fact that will befall King Alexander if his plebeian wife is recognized as Queen—would entail no small inconvenience to him. His relationship to the royal families of England, Denmark, Norway and Sweden is one of his best claims to consideration by the Allies, and if he should lose the favor of these families his chances of holding on to the throne would be even worse than they were. It must also cause him no small distress to learn the fierce disapproval of his dominating mother, ex-Queen Sophie, and the somewhat less outspoken censure of his father, ex-King Constantine, and his various brothers and uncles.

But then, his position with a legal wife who is not a Queen would appear to be still more painful and embarrassing. According to information furnished by Greek diplomats, the King would not have the right to keep his wife in the Royal Palace at Athens or to permit her to make use of the royal carriages, automobiles, crowns, thrones, jewels, furniture and

other possessions of the reigning house. All these things are paid for and maintained by the Greek Government for the use of the King and the members of the royal family, and the Government would have an undoubted right to say that they should not be used by one who was not royal though legally married.

It is beyond question that if Helen Manos is not legally Queen she cannot share in any of the public ceremonies and social functions which form a large part of the lives of kings and queens. The customs of monarchy give a king's royal wife a very important place in public affairs, an entirely different place from that which belongs to the wife of a President, who has properly no public position at all.

For instance, we may suppose that the King of England, prompted by the British Government, wished to demonstrate England's friendship for Greece. The very nicest way to do this would be for the King and Queen of England to pay a formal visit to the King of Greece. The English King and Queen would be entertained at a state banquet, and after the meal the King of Greece would, according to custom, drink "to the health of our illustrious guests, the King and Queen of England, and the great British Empire." The King of Greece would in reply would pronounce the health of the King and Queen of Greece. If there were a Queen—and the great Greek nation, if there were no Queen, the King of England could not drink to her health, although he and everybody else might know that the King of Greece had a perfectly legal wife not far from that yet.

If the King's legal but non-royal wife refused such privileges as may be accorded to consorts she might look on pathetically at this banquet from a separate table at the other end of the room, or she might look down from a gallery or peep in through a doorway. Perhaps, if debarrued from her natural place at her

husband's side, she might prefer to absent herself from such ceremonies. In that case it might very well happen that she would find herself in the street, while police and soldiers were keeping the mob back from some interesting ceremony in which her husband was the central figure. Life for a King with a legal but uncrowned wife would be full of such incongruities. The other kings might find it better not to embarrass him by paying him formal visits, but then that course would tend to injure him by diminishing his public importance.

How embarrassing the King's matrimonial position is at the present moment may be judged from the fact that his wife cannot even live in Greece. She has been living in Paris "incognito" under the name of "Madame Alexandre" since a few weeks after the King's secret marriage seven months ago. She was forced to flee by the notoriety to which she was then subjected and the persecution with which she was threatened. That persecution might very easily have gone to fatal extremes.

The cable dispatches have already told you how King Alexander came to Paris for a hasty visit to his bride, but there are many extraordinary details about his romance which cannot yet be familiar to the American public.

all that could be expected of the most ardent honeymoon couple.

So thoroughly was the King carried away by love's young dream that he felt that his transcendent mother could not resist the charm of his young bride. He determined to make a surprise visit to her with the guileless expectation that she would take her lovely daughter-in-law to her arms. Accompanied by his wife he travelled secretly to Switzerland and hurried to the beautiful villa occupied by ex-Queen Sophie and ex-King Constantine.

King Alexander was naturally admitted to the house without question, and he silenced any objections to his wife's presence. What followed has been revealed by a member of Constantine's household.

Ex-Queen Sophie advanced to meet her son with a sour expression, for his conduct had already angered her. After a few affectionate greetings and thanks by the King he hastened to the object of his visit by saying:

"Mother, let me present my wife—your new daughter-in-law. She loves you and wishes to assure you of her deep respect and affection."

"What!" shrieked the terrible Sophie to the trembling girl. "You baseborn child of a clochopper! You shameless minx. You have stolen my son and turned him against me! You have seduced and fooled him for your own low and selfish purposes and to help the scoundrels who are in league with you! And now you have the audacity to enter my house! Leave my presence at once—both of you—and never dare to come near me again!"

"But, mother," urged the young King, "do not let your prejudices blind you. Times have changed, and Helen is the best wife I can have now. I shall be the first Greek King with a Greek wife. We shall be popular, and our family will recover from our recent terrible difficulties."

The young wife, encouraged by her husband's attitude, bravely stood her ground. Seeing this, ex-Queen Sophie became enraged beyond control.

"Low-born creature," she yelled. "You

dare to face me when I order you to go. If I were on the throne I would order you stripped and flogged. But now I must take the law in my own hands."

Ex-Queen Sophie seized a long-handled umbrella and aimed a furious blow at her daughter-in-law's head. The King's stalwart right arm partly stopped the blow, but it pushed the girl's hat sideways. The young couple then hastened from the villa, cruelly humiliated and disillusioned.

King Alexander fell in love with Helen Manos several years before he unexpectedly acquired the throne. Her family live near Saloniki. A marriage in Greece was out of the question for him, as long as Queen Sophie and Constantine were on the throne. When the Allies decided to dethrone these two for their pro-Germanism in 1917 it became a great problem to determine the future government of Greece.

After much discussion it was decided to place Alexander, Constantine's second son, on the throne. He was popular with the Greeks and enjoyed the esteem of the victorious statesmen, Venizelos. His elder brother, Crown Prince George, was discarded because he had become identified with the policies of his father and mother.

One of King Alexander's earliest aims of his comparative freedom was to realize his dream—to marry Helen Manos. The ceremony, though partially secret, was in every way honorable and legal. It was celebrated by three well-known priests in a house belonging to a friend of the King in Athens. Several friends of the King and his bride were present.

At least one distinguished American is deeply concerned in the King's young marriage. That is the beautiful American society woman, formerly Mrs. William B. Leeds, who recently married the King's youngest uncle, Prince Christopher of Greece.

It will be recalled that Mrs. Leeds' marriage took place recently in Switzerland in spite of the violent opposition of ex-Queen Sophie, who is the sister-in-law of Prince Christopher.

The American woman's status as a member of the royal caste is at present in doubt, as high authorities assert that because the Greek Government was not represented at her wedding she cannot rank as a royal princess of Greece. The beautiful American is now using her tact and her many millions in having this matter settled to her satisfaction.

Those who know the American Princess say that she is not pleased that the titular head of her husband's family is in this connection a girl of no rank. This marriage detracted from the importance of the American's own position and made her a relation of peasants, and although some of the royal families are trying to keep her from enjoying royal rank, she was not disposed to help an obscure, uncultivated girl to occupy it. In this connection it should be recalled that Mrs. Leeds made extraordinary efforts to placate the aggressive ex-Queen in spite of her unfriendly attitude. The American wishes to be a princess with the approval of the entire royal caste of Europe.

Many circumstances, in fact, appear to complicate the cruelly embarrassing position of the idealistic young monarch and his lovely bride, the first commoner who has married a king in modern times.



"The terrible ex-Queen Sophie, sister of the fallen German Kaiser, lost all control of herself when her son asked her to receive his peasant bride and drove her from her presence with an umbrella."



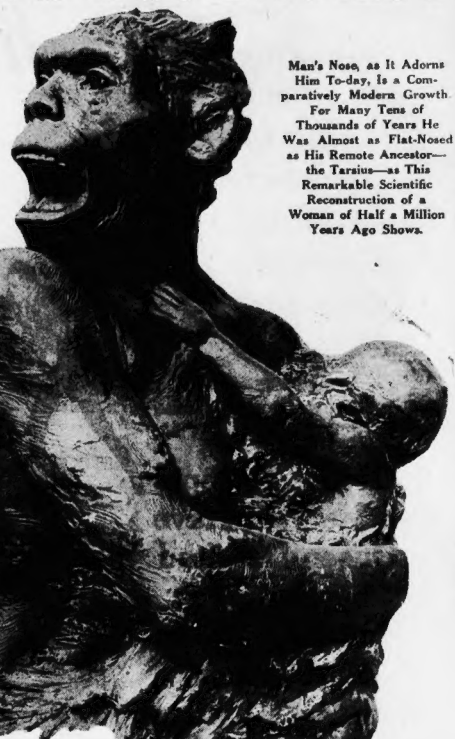
Young King Alexander of Greece, While on His Runaway Honeymoon in Paris, with His Peasant Bride Helen Manos, Who Dare Not Stay in Greece for Fear of Exciting a Revolution.



The American Multi-Millionaire, Formerly Mrs. William B. Leeds, Now Aunt by Marriage of King Alexander of Greece and Deeply Involved in His Present Problem.

Why We Owe Our Brains to a Short Nose

Science Explains How the Little Furry Tarsius Stopped "Keeping Its Nose to the Ground," Grew Its Big Eyes, Continually Saw More and, Therefore, Thought More and so After Many Ages Became a Man



Man's Nose, as It Adorns Him To-day, is a Comparatively Modern Growth. For Many Tens of Thousands of Years He Was Almost as Flat-Nosed as His Remote Ancestor—the Tarsius—as This Remarkable Scientific Reconstruction of a Woman of Half a Million Years Ago Shows.

Above is the Flat-Faced, Big-Eyed, Tarsius, Which by Losing Its Nose Developed Its Eyesight.

And at the Right is the Nose the Tarsius Lost. This Photograph of the Tiny Tree Shrew Shows the Ancestor of This Furry Ancestor of Man.

Photo by International.

SCIENCE has at last discovered the animal from which man evolved, the true ancestor of all of us. Our ancestor is the tarsius, also called the tarsius, a strange little snub-nosed, rancor-eyed, furcated, long-tailed, tree-dwelling, monkeylike animal, found only in parts of southeastern Asia. It is really a kind of lemur.

"The tarsius is known in native language as 'the spectator' on account of the unearthly appearance of its great eyes. It still haunts the forests of Borneo, Java and the neighboring islands of southeastern Asia, and awakens in the peoples of those lands a superstitious dread—a sort of instinctive horror at the sight of the ghostlike representative of their first ancestor.

Professor Elliott Smith, of the University of Manchester, the famous English biologist, recently declared that the tarsius marked the beginning of the human line of human evolution. Still more recently the president of the Huxford Society, a leading organization of English scientists, expressed the opinion that Elliott Smith's view was the correct one, while other scientists in various parts of the world have come to the same conclusion.

The astonishing explanation why the tarsius started the human line of evolution is that this creature shortened its nose, giving it perfect stereoscopic vision, and thereby enormously developed its brain. Other lines of evolution started at the same time, but none of them reached those forms of development which led to the supreme intelligence of man.

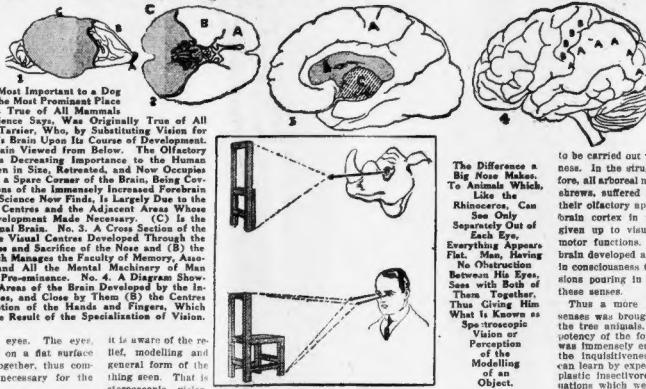
This scientific discovery is of so much importance in the study of man, that scientists have long held it to be proved that man is evolved from the lower animals and that the ape is his nearest relation. The idea that man is descended directly from the ape has been generally abandoned—they are only his cousins.

At some remote time in the past, millions of years ago, the ancestry of man and the ape diverged. For a long time the two separate lines developed through similar stages, but at last they grew perceptibly apart. The ape in line of descent entered the brutal and degraded animals that are found in the wilds today—the gorilla, chimpanzee, orang-outang, etc. Man continued to develop ages later than the ape, and there is reason to believe he is progressing still to higher form.

Millions of years ago, in the extreme "dawn" period of creation, when reptiles still dominated the earth, this queer little tarsius came unobtrusively into existence and started on the long and painful journey that ended in man's greatest achievement—man.

The tarsius has a very flat nose, scarcely any at all in fact, so that there is no projection to interfere with perfect stereo-

No. 1. The Brain of a Dog Showing (A) the Olfactory Lobe or Smelling Sense; (B) the Taste Sense; (C) the Back Brain. As the Smelling Sense is the Most Important to a Dog This Organ Occupies the Most Prominent Place in Its Brain. This is True of All Mammals Except Man, and, Science Says, Was Originally True of All Mammals Except the Tarsius, Who, by Substituting Vision for Smelling, Started Man's Brain Upon Its Course of Development. No. 2. The Human Brain Viewed from Below. The Olfactory Organism Has Shrunken in Size, Retreated, and Now Occupies What Might Be Called a Spare Corner of the Brain, Being Covered by the Convolutions of the Immensely Increased Forebrain. (B) Which Increases, Science Now Finds, Is Largely Due to the Growth of the Visual Centres and the Adjacent Area Where Elaboration of the Visual Centres Developed Through the Greater Use of the Eyes and Smell of Them (C) the Corpus Callosum, Which Manages the Faculty of Memory, Association, Observation and All the Mental Machinery of Man Which Gives Him His Presentness. No. 3. A Diagram Showing (A) the Exterior Areas of the Brain Developed by the Increased Use of the Eyes, and Close by Them (B) the Cortex Which Control the Motion of the Hands and Fingers, Which Were Developed as the Result of the Specialization of Vision.



scopic vision by both eyes. The eyes, moreover, are situated on a flat surface and reasonably near together, thus completing the condition necessary for the human type of vision.

This short nose was the one piece of evidence needed to decide the tarsius's claims to be our ancestor. The point is thus explained by the British scientist, Professor Langdon Brown:

"Below the mammals the dominant sense is that of smell, but the tarsius, by shortening the nose, was able to bring its eyes forward and achieved stereoscopic vision. The increased information thus afforded as to the shape of things developed skilled movements of the hands and a finer sense of touch, with a corresponding cortical area of the brain to correlate touch with vision."

"Man represents the straight line of development. Another line of animals which have departed from this straight line and for self preservation have developed specialized characters, for example, the great strength of the gorilla, which have fallen in the race for supremacy. Man has become the greatest of the primates because of his faithful dependence upon development of the brain."

Why is the short nose of such vital importance? Because it leaves the eyes free to obtain the perfect human type of vision and because that form of vision stimulates the brain by affording a more precise image of every object seen. Man sees a combined image with his two eyes, while nearly every animal sees two separate flat images with its two eyes.

In the case of a solid object, each eye of man sees to some extent the sides, the depth and form of the object. The brain then combines the two images received into one and through this combined image

it is aware of the relief, modelling and general form of the thing seen. That is stereoscopic vision. The animals' two eyes are nearly always separated by a large nose or snout so that combined vision is impossible. The animal must see a perfectly flat image without any relief. We know that the horse, the dog and most other animals turn their heads to look at an object, and it is evident that they are looking with one eye only at the thing which interests them. The farthest apart apparently enjoy stereoscopic vision, and this is one reason why they rank higher than other animals."

It will be clear to everybody that the power to see an object perfectly, to judge its size and its uses would lead to greater brain development—greater intelligence. The evolutionary ancestors of the tarsius lost its nose because it took to tree life and therefore became no longer mainly dependent on the sense of smell for its living, as were the animals living on the ground. The evolutionary ancestors of the tarsius were developing rather long noses, but after some of them adopted tree life they shortened this organ and started on the way to become man.

Professor Elliott Smith traces the ancestry of man even back to the tarsius. This animal is an insectivore and is evidently related by its eating habits and the peculiar form of its legs and feet to the jumping shrew. The tree shrew of Asia represents the stage immediately behind the tarsius.

The tree shrews are small, squirrel-like animals, which feed on insects and fruit which they usually seek in trees. They are of lively disposition and great agility. They have relatively large brains and pre-

so forth, which necessitates an efficient motor cortex to control such actions. A tree life involves. Tree life also demanded a well-developed muscular sensibility to enable movements up among the branches to be carried out with precision and quickness. In the struggle for existence, therefore, all arboreal mammals, such as the tree shrews, suffered a marked diminution of their olfactory apparatus and developed a brain cortex in which large areas were given up to visual, tactile, acoustic and motor functions. At the same time the brain developed a mechanism for blinding in consciousness the effects of the impressions pouring in through the avenues of these senses.

Thus a more equable balance of the senses was brought about in the brain of the tree animals. At the same time the potency of the forces of natural selection was immensely enhanced by the fact that the inquisitiveness of an animal which can learn by experience was leading these classic insectivores into all kinds of situations which were favorable for the operation of selection.

"Toward the close of the Cretaceous Period," says Professor Elliott Smith, "some small, arboreal, shrewlike creature took another step in advance which was fraught with the most far-reaching consequences, for it marked the birth of the primates and the definite branching off from the other mammals of the line of man's ancestry."

Finally a super-intelligent tree shrew gave birth to the flat-nosed tarsius, which was quite emancipated from the dominating influence of olfactory impressions, the way of which was already shaken but not quite overcome when the shrew took to tree life.

This change to a short-nosed, quick-eyed form was accompanied with an enormous development of the visual area in the brain cortex, which also became more specialized in structure. Vision thus entirely usurped the controlling place once occupied by smell.

Tree life also added to the importance of the sense of hearing. The cortex area of this sense showed a noteworthy increase in the tarsius. The high specialization of the sense of sight awakened in the tarsius curiosity to examine the objects around it with closer minuteness, and supplied guidance to the hands in executing more precise and more skilled movements than the tree shrews.

"Such habits," says Professor Elliott Smith, "linked up the various cortical areas in bonds of more intimate associations with the visual cortex, and stimulated the process of specialization and alongside the motor cortex of a mechanism for regulating the action of that cor-

ter itself—an organ of attention which co-ordinated the activities of the whole neocortex so as more efficiently to regulate the various centres controlling the muscles of the body."

All the time these little tree dwellers were cultivating that equable development of all their senses and limbs. And that special development of the more intellectual useful faculties of the mind which, in the long run, were to make them the progenitors of the dominant mammal—that creature which was to obtain the supremacy over all others while still retaining much of the primitive structure of the brain, Professor Elliott Smith ascribes many more primitive characteristics than his nearest monkey relatives.

The later stages of the chain of evolution have been, before this, more fully proved and described. From the tarsius there evolved arboreal animals of the inferior long-tailed monkey type, and from these one branch evolved into man and the other branch into the tree apes, such as the chimpanzee, the gorilla and the orang-outang.

At a certain point there was a monkey that showed an equal tendency toward the ape type and the ape type. Then came a descendant that was more human and another that was more ape-like. There came a time when man's ancestor descended from the trees and developed his feet for running and walking and used the brain he had developed in the trees. In this section of his ancestry there were several pre-human forms to be discovered. We are familiar with one such form in the apes, man, "Pithecanthropus Erectus," found in Java. After that came the early pre-human form, such as the Neanderthal man, and finally the civilized man, "Homo Sapiens" of to-day.

"How I Keep Married and Happy"—Geraldine Farrar

"Absolute, Even Brutal Truth in Everything Little and Great the One Sure Method of Maintaining Love's Fires Undimmed,"

Says the Distinguished Prima Donna



A Charming New Picture of the Grand Opera Prima Donna, Geraldine Farrar, Who Says, "Of Course No Day That Starts With a Wife in Hideous Curly Papers and So On at the Breakfast Table Can Be Happy. Such Disharmonies Must Have Their Effect Upon a Husband Sooner or Later. I Know Perfectly Well That My Husband Would Be Brutally Frank at Once to Me About My Appearance If I Did Such a Thing." And Here Is the Same Picture of Miss Farrar in the Coiffure That She Warns Other Women Against—Just as an Object Lesson of What to Avoid.



RECENTLY Fannie Hurst, the brilliant novelist, caused much interested comment by revealing that while all her friends thought her single she had really been married for four years; and that she and her husband had found perfect happiness by living largely apart—or, as she put it, "having an average of two breakfasts a week together." By this method, said Miss Hurst, both she and her husband were today as happy with each other as the day they were married.

The exact opposite of this arrangement,

those familiar with the artistic life of New York know, is that of the grand opera prima donna, Geraldine Farrar, and her husband, Lou Tellegen, the distinguished actor. These two spend every moment together that they can.

By Geraldine Farrar
(In an interview.)

SIXTY per cent of the reason we are as happy together as we were on our wedding day more than four years ago is that my husband and I are brutally honest with each other.

We practice a candor that to persons of another kind of thought must, and I know does, seem horrible.

Yet it is the only way to secure happiness. The real Rock of Ages is truth—fact. Marriage has been likened to a sea. It is. And the rocks of love that have been wrecked upon it because the two skippers fooled each other with compass readings, false observation upon the weather and each other's seamanship are wretchedly innumerable. Stick to facts and you are safe in any weather. Brutal honesty is the true science of navigation on the matrimonial sea.

To illustrate: I come home after singing my role in an opera. I know in my heart I haven't sung it well. If my husband has heard me that particular evening do you suppose I am greeted with something like this: "Darling, you're nervous, and you're underestimating yourself. You were wonderful!"

I do not. I find at my metaphorical hearth a charming gentleman who, after taking off my wraps, draws out a chair for me and says: "My dear, you sang very badly indeed tonight."

Am I angry? Not at all. I encourage him to go on. The atmosphere is cleared of any doubt or possibility of misunderstanding. He is not chiding me; he is neither crude nor cruel. Mind is meeting mind; he is helping me and I am grateful. In the same way I criticize his performance. I watch his acting with the intentional eye of the analyst. And after the theatre I tell him exactly what I think. Neither of us uses any conversational camouflage. We call what we think a mistake—a mistake. The result is that we believe in each other. We know that each has the courage to tell the other the truth.

The same method holds true of all our lives. Of course, no day that starts with a wife in hideous curl papers and so on at the breakfast table can be happy. Such disharmonies must have their effect upon a husband sooner or later. I know perfectly well that my husband would be brutally frank at once to me about my appearance if I did such a thing. And knowing this I quite naturally never appear that way. It is said of the Empress Josephine that she never allowed Napoleon to see her in an ungraceful attitude. She had part of the idea at any rate. It doesn't really matter that she couldn't keep Napoleon after all; she might have lost him much sooner.

Only a house built on honesty in small things as well as great can stand.

My husband won me by the same direct methods. We met at a luncheon. We met again at Los Angeles. Shortly after that I gave a large party. It was a beautiful moonlight night. Mr. Tellegen was the first of my guests to arrive. Fortunately I had dressed very early and could receive him. During the evening I was aware that he was constantly near me. It was an all-night party. My guests stayed to breakfast. Then they all went home except Mr. Tellegen. I was very tired and sleepy, but I hadn't the courage to say to him: "Please go home."

We sat out on the veranda until eleven o'clock. Then he said: "Naturally you're tired. I will go home and allow you a tub and some sleep. I will be back at three to take you for a drive."

He came at three and made me take that drive. It is an enchanting country, but he drove me straight into the oil fields! The ugly, smelly oil fields! "Why on earth did you bring me here?" I asked.

"Because it's the only place where we

can be alone," he said. "When you're home there are a lot of people always about and you're always receiving and opening letters. By the way, you receive altogether too many letters."

"Yes," I said, "but why did you bring me here?"

"I brought you here to tell you that I intend to marry you," he answered.

Unique though it was there was no mistaking the honesty of that proposal.

And after a while, when we came back to New York, we were married.

I never see my husband at breakfast

at all.

I rise at eight. I breakfast alone and at

nine I am at my piano. The time that is

left that morning I give to my correspond-

ence or household affairs. Mr. Tellegen

and I meet at luncheon. In the afternoon

we do whatever he wishes to. Do not

think that the attitude of a submissive,

self-effacing wife. It is justice. I have

always retired early. When my husband

has finished his work at the theatre I am

soundly asleep. Yet from one to five in

the morning are his hours. I don't like

clubs; I dislike their atmosphere. I should

be very sorry if my husband frequented

either the Lamb or the Friars. So I have

made our home his club. He brings men

to his den or the dining room, and they

sit there and talk of plays and casts and

performances until five o'clock. I should

like to join them, but I can't—I must sleep.

Thus we lead our lives together without

interference; apart without estrangement.

We are sufficiently together for tender

companionship; sufficiently apart to pre-

vent boredom and to bring each other in-

terests and refreshment from other worlds.

Each brings to the union something the

other lacked. My husband is an artist. I

am aware of his lack of business in-

stinct that expresses itself in not taking

care of what is his own. I, on the other

hand, being of New England, try to take

good care of my own and his. He is un-

usually practical. The first year of our

marriage I spent an entire Summer col-

lecting what people owed him.

I was astounded when I looked over his

accounts. "Loured Sound-So \$1,200,"

"Loured Black \$1,000," "Loured White

\$500." Eighteen thousand dollars were

outstanding, which he had made no effort

to collect and probably would never get

unless I got it for him. I did.

If I went to the office of a man who owed

him several thousand dollars.

"I've come to collect what you owe my

husband," I told him. He seemed startled,

but was most courteous.

"I'm sorry the matter has been overlooked," he said. "I'll send you a check to-morrow."

"No," I answered. "I must have it now."

He drew out his checkbook.

"Cash, please," I said. He sent the check to the bank, had it

cashed and handed me the bank-

notes. I got that whole eighteen

thousand back!

My husband was amazed!

Whatever the outside world has

of flattery for me, there is no cor-

don of sentimental deceit at home. The ego

cannot grow fat in such an air.

Friends who see that we are really

happy come to me to ask the

secret. That is why I am telling

it here—for all those to apply as

they wish and as their circum-

stances direct.

It is very simple—stick to facts. And

use common sense.

One of my friends boasted that her

husband no longer cared for her. And

talked a little later of having her hair

washed every eight weeks? My head gets

doung every Sunday morning—I spend

that whole morning in a scolding over, mas-

sage, manicure, pedicure and shampoo.

Another matrimonial fault-finder said

her husband would never stay at home.

She is a perpetual chatterer. When she

goes I lean back exhausted and say: "I

won't be sorry for three months. I can't."

When she asked my sister I said: "You

talk too much to him." "But," she an-

swered, "I want to upbraid things to

John!"

I replied: "Men don't have to be ex-

plained to—other things being equal."

Nor do they. Those seven marriages

over the egg cups could be managed by a clever woman—and for seven days a week the husband could be made to believe he was breakfasting in Paradise. That is, if the wife would only be honest—with her-

self as well as with him.

And use common sense.

Sixty per cent of hap-

piness in marriage can

be secured by honesty—that

much at least. The other

forty per cent, I should say,

is based upon consideration

of one for the other.

Everyone can be honest.

And even a marriage that is

sixty per cent happy isn't a

failure by any means.

And any one ought to be

able to find at least twenty

per cent of consideration.

Who will deny that an eighty per cent happy marriage isn't gloriously suc-

cessful?

It really isn't difficult to make it a full

hundred per cent.

Going Away Together.



The Welcoming Kiss.



How a Wife Should Appear at the Table.



Admiring Each Other.



Four Extremely Intimate and Interesting Photographs Showing Madame Farrar and Her Husband, Mr. Tellegen, in the Happy Seclusion of Their Home.

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The Hope Diamond Mystery — by May Yohe

The Startling History of This Fascinating Stone, the Curse That Has Befallen Its Owners for Fourteen Centuries and the Story of the Ruined Life of May Yohe, Who Once Owned It and Wore It.



The great idol of the goddess Rama-Sita, carved out of a solid block of yellow jade and embellished and bedecked with gold inlay and precious jewels wrought in strange forms and shapes. The Hope diamond has been thought to have been stolen either from the setting shown at the idol's breast or from the setting shown at the idol's waist—and to this piece of sacrilege more than 1400 years ago is attributed, by the credulous, the very extraordinary "curse" which has followed the possessors of this stone ever since.

By May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

Chapter I.

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"TELL me truly, Francis, do you believe the Hope diamond curses those who wear it?" We had been married only a few days, and I had been reading the history of the famous jewel.

A shade of anxiety passed over his face; then, quickly recovering, Lord Francis Hope replied with a smile:

"It certainly hasn't cursed me, Maymie dear, because it has brought me the greatest good luck a man can have—the dearest little wife in all the world, your own precious self."

This was a very pretty speech, but I realized that my husband had evaded my question. However, we laughed about it and told each other how silly it was to be superstitious. Of course, a diamond could not bring bad luck. What nonsense!

No, it was absurd to even think of a jewel as "lucky" or "unlucky." And yet there was a sinister shadow over the lives of every person who had ever owned this diamond. I didn't believe in omens and talismans—and yet could it be that there was something in it after all? I felt like a person who doesn't believe in ghosts, but who happens to sleep in a "haunted house" and wakes up and hears creepy noises.

No indeed, I said to myself, the Hope diamond could not bring misfortune to me; although it was odd that the man who stole it from the temple in India was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

The great Hope family jewel could not wreck my happiness—yet it surely was strange that Queen Marie Antoinette, who owned it, had her head cut off under the knife of the guillotine.

Nothing that this sparkling stone could do should interfere with my happiness—although it certainly happened that Madame de Montespan, who wore it, was abandoned by her royal admirer, King Louis XIV.

No, they were nothing but coincidences, those shocking tragedies which overwhelmed kings, princesses, suitors, favorites of the harem, ladies of the court, merchants, brokers, collectors and all who had owned that mysterious diamond. And yet I could not quite shake off the feeling that somehow there must be some connection between their misfortunes and the fact that they possessed this strange, fascinating stone.

But let this be enough about the Hope diamond at present. I shall have a good many very strange things to tell about this jewel later.

Of course, I was not born to the sacred circle of British titled aristocracy. When as a child I played around my uncle's hotel in a little Pennsylvania town I was not thinking about lords and dukes and great diamonds. The only diamonds I ever saw were the tons of "black diamonds" that came out of the coal mines near by.

It was in room No. 24 in the Eagle Hotel in Bethlehem, Pa., that I was born. At that time Bethlehem was a small place; the big modern steel works hadn't been even thought of. My father was a soldier. My mother was a descendant of a mixture of a fine old English strain on the male side and a woman of the Narragansett Indian

tribe. My father was of Dutch descent. So you see I had all sorts of blood surging in my veins.

After my father's death mother started a dressmaking establishment. She was very successful, and soon became the most fashionable dressmaker in Philadelphia. She designed and made all the favorite gowns of some of the most famous of the theatrical stars of that period, among them Mrs. John Drew, Georgia Drew Barrymore, Victoria Creese, Clara Louise Kellogg and Marie Van Zandt. In my childhood home there were many mementoes of these stage celebrities, which now would be very interesting and valuable.

I was brought up very strictly in the austere faith of the Moravian Church. Two episodes of my childhood stand out vividly in my memory.

My mother often said: "First a child lies, then steals, then kills; one step leads to another; it is the first step that counts."

I had a little money box in which my mother and her friends placed gifts of dimes and dollars at various times. It was mine, but I was not supposed to touch it until Christmas time came around.

But fate sent a theatrical company to the town, and I was forbidden to go near it. My soul yearned for the delights of the show, partly because it was theatrical, partly because it was forbidden. Night after night I stole out of bed and with a hairpin manipulated the money box in such fashion that I managed to get the price of admission to the theatre, and I saw the show again and again until the money box was nearly empty, and it was in that condition when Christmas time came around. Then came exposure and my mother's grief. I have seen some hard times since then, but the look of pain on my mother's face as she faced me with the empty money box in her hand hurts even yet, after the lapse of all these years.

"Did the theatre give you so much pleasure, child? It may be that it will give you pain some day," she said.

And I've thought of her words often. Everything that savored of the stage or of acting interested me intensely. Once when quite little a girl acquaintances came to visit us and we planned a surprise for our friends. A picnic was to come off in the woods near our home, and we decided to get up a kind of play, but we had no dresses for our parts.

Hunting through the house, we came upon a box containing two gowns that appeared to us to be of no particular use to any one, and we cut them and altered them to fit our small figures. On the day of the picnic we slipped out with our finery into the woods and dressed ourselves for our parts. We intended to create a sensation, and we did, for the gowns belonged to the most important lady in the district, and were family heirlooms of historic interest. They had been sent to my mother's dressmaking shop to be renovated, and we had ruined them beyond redemption.

The owner was at the picnic, and the sight of her face when she saw me come strutting out in the ruins of her priceless family treasures is a memory that abides with me even yet. And so is the memory of the shaking she gave me when she got me all to herself. We hadn't meant to do any harm, but we nearly broke up the picnic.

TO find herself mistress of the palace of an English Duke, with jewels outrivaling the jewels of many a crowned head, with London town house, country estates, castles, shooting preserves—would probably fulfill the happiest dreams of millions of American women.

And yet May Yohe, the daughter of a Pennsylvania country dressmaker, had all this in her grasp—AND THREW IT ALL AWAY.

May Yohe, the beloved and petted wife of Lord Francis Hope, was also to share with her husband the added title and still greater estates of the Duke of Newcastle—was it the malevolent power of the unlucky Hope diamond that then intervened and blighted her life?

Up and up the staircase of social progress and fortune May Yohe had climbed rapidly until she stood in the centre of the circle of the British titled aristocracy. It would seem as if her fondest ambitions had been realized and were well worth holding securely.

But almost in a moment all was swept away. Putnam Bradley Strong, son of the Mayor of New York City, came into her life. Big, manly in figure, of excellent family and breeding, with the easy manners of New York club life, this outward polish of a gentleman hid the morals and habits of a cad.

Fixing his eyes upon May Yohe's half-million dollars' worth of jewels, Captain Strong, with a whirlwind conquest, won her from Lord Francis Hope. A painful farewell meeting with her husband, Lord Francis, followed, and May Yohe and Strong ran away to Japan. He was happy in the possession of the jewels; she thought she was happy in the pretensions of love of a man she learned to despise.

It was a good bargain for Captain Strong, but it was a fatal one for May Yohe. By her sentimental folly she had thrown away the love of a worthy man, Lord Francis, and all that wealth and the very highest social position could bring.

And then began the downward career of Lady Francis Hope, who would have been the Duchess of Newcastle. Painfully, miserably, with heart broken by the discovery that Captain Strong was a blackguard, May Yohe descended step by step the staircase of social progress. Down to the bottom she went—the prospective Duchess of Newcastle at last found herself a janitress in a Seattle shipyard. But at last she has found happiness in the love of a worthy man who offers neither wealth, jewels nor social position.

The story of May Yohe's career will be told from week to week in these pages by May Yohe herself. Few plots in drama or fiction equal the extraordinary real life experiences of this remarkable American girl.

And the "curse" of the famous Hope diamond?

Something, indeed, seemed to cast its sinister shadow over her life and pursued her relentlessly in America, in Asia, throughout Europe, and even in South America. May Yohe discusses this famous gem which once was hers, and reveals much of its past history which has not before been made public—history which begins with its theft from the sparkling ornaments of the Buddhist idol fourteen hundred years ago, and drags its sinister trail down through the centuries to the shocking death of little Vinson Walsh McLean, whose parents now own the "cursed" stone.

And yet the "curse" of the wicked stone had dealt more lightly with May Yohe than with many of its victims down through the centuries since history has been able to follow the trail of its sinister journey.

It is not surprising that the jewel had a sort of irresistible fascination for May Yohe, and she spent much time and effort in tracing its baffling history. After its theft from the Buddhist idol fourteen centuries ago, she was able to piece together a fairly complete record of its career in recent times. This she narrates in all its extraordinary details—a story unparalleled in history or in fiction.

Jean Baptiste Tavernier came into possession of the stone in 1642, stolen from the sacred golden statue of Rama, in the

I have always said all my life that I am not superstitious. And yet a queer thing happened when I was a child, one of the weirdest things that has happened in all my life.

We were having a sort of Wild West children's circus, and I was riding madly when the horse ran away and threw me head over heels into a hedge. An old gypsy woman found me more dead than alive and had me carried home.

This old gypsy turned out to be quite a famous fortune teller, and asked to be allowed to tell my fortune. Now, the strange thing is that that old woman away back years ago in my childhood foretold my life exactly as it has been. She told me I would have fortune at my feet and would kick it away like a plaything. She told me I would have hardship and trouble and sorrow; that I would roam the world as a bird flies, and visit many lands and cross many seas. She said I would go back to the great city where I had once won fame and fortune and a host of friends and win fame and money and friendship over again.

And on one other occasion I met a fortune teller, this time a man, who foretold my life with startling exactness. It was as if he was reading from an open book. He laid

Temple of Rama and Sita, Burmah, India. It weighed 113 carats and Tavernier sold the diamond to King Louis XIV. for 675,000 francs and a baronetcy—he was created Baron d'Audernier was torn to pieces by wild dogs.

Madame de Montespan, who wore the jewel, was by the King. It had been recut by Amsterdam jeweler King Louis XIV, and reduced to 67½ carats.

Nicholas Fouquet, intendant of France, who born a festive occasion, was executed by order of the King Queen Marie Antoinette, who wore it, was beheaded. The beautiful Princess de Lamballe, who wore it, was guillotined by a French mob.

King Louis XVI, who owned it, was beheaded. The diamond was seized by revolutionists in August, 1793, in the Garde Meuble. Stolen a month later and lost when was appointed to find it.

It turned up in a diamond dealer's shop in Holland the possession of Wilhelm Fals, who recut it and sold it for 44½ carats. It was stolen by his son, and Fals was the missing piece the Duke of Brunswick bought at 7 carats and E. W. Streeter, the British diamond expert the other.

Hendrik Fals, the diamond merchant's son, who was a suicide in London in 1830.

Francis Beaulieu, who sold it, died in misery and the first of the Hope family who bought it and series of misfortunes, including the death of his son Lord Francis Hope, his grandson, suffered financial scandal and unhappy marriage, bankruptcy, and sold the diamond to Simon Frankel for \$168,000.

May Yohe, his wife, who wore it, tells the story of her happiness.

Simon Frankel, New York broker, who bought it in November, 1901, met financial difficulties.

Jacques Colet, another owner, was afflicted with and committed suicide.

Prince Ivan Kanitovski, next owner, was killed.

Lorens Ladue, to whom he loaned it, was murdered.

Simon Montherides, who sold it to the Sultan At was thrown over a precipice while riding with his wife all were killed.

Abu Sabir, a lapidary, who polished it, was imprisoned.

Kuhls Bey, who guarded it, was hanged in the Turkish mob.

The keeper of its vault was strangled. Zubayba, the Sultan's favorite, was killed by her jewel was taken from her neck and put among the Yildiz Kiosk, which was later looted and the diamond Turkish commission was appointed in October, 1909, Abdul Hamid paid \$400,000 for the stone. He was Jhelver Agha, an official of the Yildiz, attempted stone and was hanged.

Selim Habib, Persian diamond merchant, who bought the gem, was drowned in the sinking of the French ship off Singapore, November, 1909; the stone, however, Paris.

January 11, 1911, Mrs. Edward B. McLean, of D. C., bought it, wore it and was sued for \$180,000 the jeweler.

In May, 1919, her only child, little Vinson: "Hundred Million Dollar Baby," the most closely guarded child on earth, rushed from its nurse's side and was death under the wheels of an automobile in Washington.

Nothing else in all history, nothing in fiction or parallels the extraordinary record of this sinister jewel related for the first time by a remarkable woman who was hanged—by its wicked "curse." This will be week to week on this page.

After my misfortunes began I reflected on those words and the fortune tellers, and I was greatly interested in the story of why the Hope diamond was a curse to its owners.

While I was in the Orient I met an ascetic from India, a man who regarded me with the greatest interest and curiosity. Finally he told me that he believed he was one of the few survivors of the human beings who knew the early history of the Hope diamond that had been associated with me. Beyond any doubt, this strange man asserted, rolling his eyes toward heaven, this jewel was the cause of my troubles.

Of course, the first authentic record of the diamond dates back exactly 277 years ago, in the year 1642, when Jean Baptiste Tavernier, the well-known traveller, brought it to France. But where Tavernier got it or how he came into possession of the most remarkable blue diamond in existence

May Yohe (Lady Francis Hope)

Followed Its
of May

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The favorite

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Princess Bribun

was Sita,

daughter of the

god Rama as



The famous Hope
blue diamond in
one of its recent
settings.

Lord Francis
Hope.

The old Eagle Hotel in Beth-
lehem, Pennsylvania, where
May Yohe was born.

(And, Above)

Clumber Castle, which Lady
Hope would have fallen heir to

virgin brides at the idol's feet, and
each virgin added a jewel to the
idol's adornment.

At the death of King Srong
Tsang Gampo Buddhism suffered a
setback. His successors, chafing
under the moralities imposed by
Buddha, and especially fearful of

the constant supervision of their domestic life supposedly
exercised by the goddess Rama-Sita, rebelled bitterly against
this deity especially.

The Princess Bribun, now widowed, sent in haste to
Burmah for the pandit Kamala Sita for help and counsel.

A great company of pandits, in disguise, hurried at once
to La Brang and surreptitiously stole the great idol and
carried it away to Burmah. The Princess Bribun let
them into the temple for this purpose, and, as a last devotion
to Sita, bestowed upon the idol her entire store of
jewels and precious jewels, all of which are described as
being "the rarest in the world," having been given her by
the King. Among these was one of blue crystal of im-
mense size, still in the rough, but known throughout
Tibet as the dead King's greatest treasure.

The idol was taken to the great temple to Rama, in
Burmah (Nyou-Goo, near the ancient city of Pagan),
where a pedestal of yu (a variety of jade) was built for
it. In this temple there were no other idols, all having
been removed at the time of the destruction of the city of
Pagan, many centuries before. The temple, which was
partially in ruins, was restored by the pandits, by permis-
sion of the Burmah King, and, in honor of the newly in-
stalled goddess, was dedicated to Rama-Sita. In the days
of Pagan it had been the home of both these deities.

All the pandits and holy men of Burmah now travelled
to the temple to worship before Rama-Sita, the fame of
the lavishly jewelled idol having spread far. The
Buddhist priests announced that Rama-Sita had come to
Burmah only to take sanctuary while revenging herself
upon the disloyal Thibetians, and that from her now there
would radiate great vengeance upon all infidels.

Buddhism was restored in Tibet after seventy-five
years of almost continual misfortunes, droughts, famines,
etc., these plagues being attributed directly to the ven-
geance of Rama-Sita. Later Kings of Tibet have been
afraid to bring Rama-Sita back to the temple at La Brang,
for fear her proximity to the land which disowned her will
renew her enmities.

The Princess Bribun remained on the pedestal in the
temple at La Brang from which Rama-Sita was stolen and
submitted herself to the frenzy of the crowd when the
theft was discovered, and was killed.

Following is an account of the jewels possessed by the
Rama-Sita in a work by Cosma de Koros, the Hungarian
traveler, which the Indian showed me and I begged a
copy of:

"This enormous idol (Rama-Sita), symbolizing the
eighteen manifestations of the period, is embellished by a
store of gold and precious jewels, wrought in strange
forms and shapes, far more magnificent than the royal
treasures of any potentate of civilization. Carved of
solid jade, of a delightfully shimmering tint, and set upon
a pedestal of purest yu, it rises to a height of twenty,

steps. Precious stones of varied hues, fashioned by the
labor of countless slaves into odd and multiple angled
shapes; bands of solid gold and ornaments of dark hued
jades and jasper; strings of fiery rubies, some the size of
a man's hand when it is folded, and bracelets of sparkling
gems, such as never have been seen in our land, enhance
the murky twilights of the sacred temple and tell their
memories of the myriad brides who have testified to their
virginities. Here are the jewels of queens and princesses,
mingling with the lesser votive offerings of humbler vir-
gins, the magnificent ruby of the King's bride shining
lusterful at the side of the bauble which had been picked
up at the roadside by the bride of a mendicant. And all
but reflect the benign serenity of the idol's expression,
which the slaves of Srong Tsang Gampo had imparted to
its countenance."

The Temple of Rama-Sita in India is 125 miles south
of Mandalay, between the village of Nyou-Goo and the
ruins of the old city of Pagan. Evidently it had been
built outside the ancient city, that the precious jewels
which once adorned its Buddhas might be the better pro-
tected. It is to-day, I believe, a beautiful, four-storied
building, of white plaster, which was crumbled, but which
still is strong enough to enclose the sacred precincts where
once stood colossal Buddhas in niches cut in the solid rock
which forms the rear wall of the temple. These Buddhas
were removed when the temple was despoiled by Moham-
medans, but the natives still bow before the niches after
making their votive offerings to Goddess Sita, now the
chief tutelary deity of the temple.

A three-sided tapering tower surrounds three sides of
the temple, the tower being built of votive bricks, in each
of which some native woodworker has carved his invocation
of the temple deities.

Tavernier and his companions, travelling down the

Lady Francis Hope (May Yohe) wearing the famous Hope jewels. The sinister Hope
blue diamond can be seen hanging as a pendant on her Ladyship's bosom.



roads from Mandalay, the Indian said, must have encour-
tered this ancient temple, and, perhaps by bribing the
priests and pandits who guarded it, explored its recesses.
There he must have found the companies of snatch girls
which always are attendant upon Rama-Sita, and the
scholars and philosophers who delight in joining the serv-
itors of the goddess of love and plenty.

Confronted by such a magnificent store of rare jewels
as Tavernier was when Rama-Sita was unveiled to him, he
must have been overcome by his temptation to carry back
to France a handful of those stones, any one of which
would be a fortune. Or some of his attendants, or per-
haps one of the temple priests, may have secretly robbed
the idol of its most valuable gems and prevailed upon
Tavernier to purchase them or arrange a sale in far-off
France.

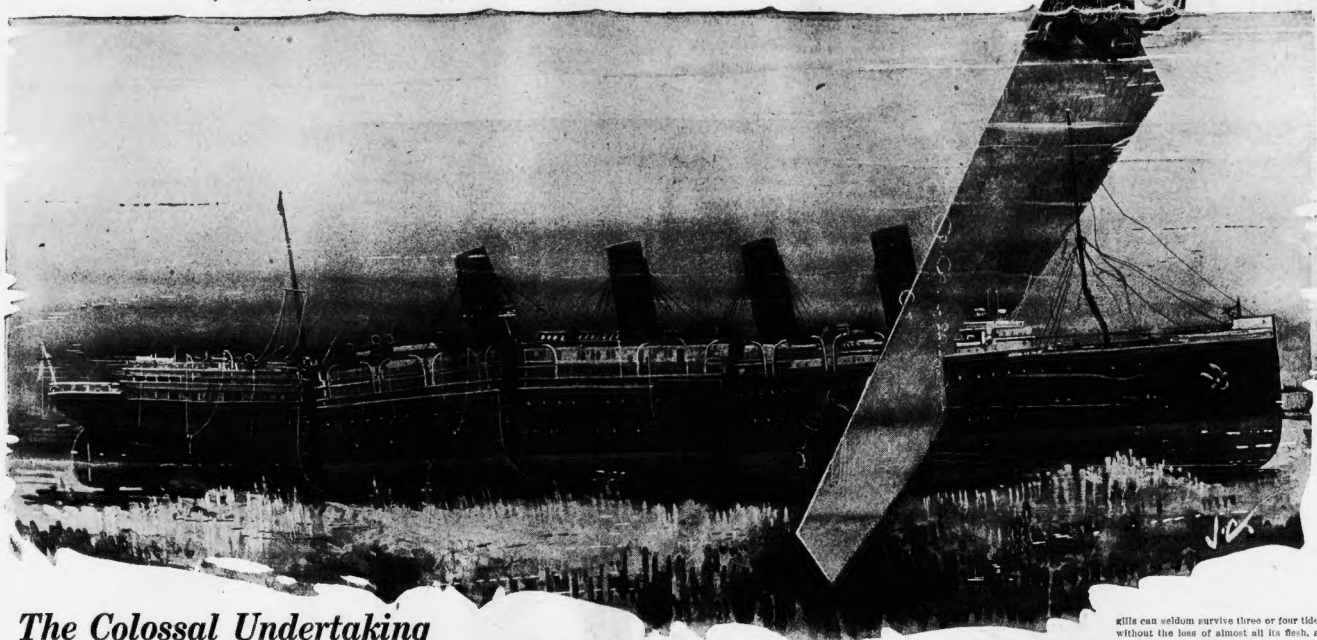
Certain it is that Tavernier appeared in Paris with a
collection of diamonds and rubies such as never had been
seen before in the possession of any one traveller. And
among them was the blue brilliant which, the Indian said,
had been imbedded in the breastplate of Rama-Sita, the
gift to the idol of the unfortunate Princess Bribun. I
have often wondered if this ancient princess has looked
down on the world and watched the lives, mine
among them, which her diamond has made.

For the readers of this page who have been interested
in my narrative to-day I will continue next Sunday the
story of the "curse" of the Hope diamond, as nearly as
I have been able to gather it, and my own ruined life.
Does the reader believe that a precious stone can curse
the life of its owner? I am not superstitious, and yet—
well, follow me next Sunday and read a little more about
the Hope diamond.

(To be Continued Next Sunday)

To Raise The Lusitania In 5 Sections

"As though by a gigantic saw held by a giant hand the sunken hull will be cut into five sections, each of which will be raised separately by immense pontoons and stripped of its long lost treasures."



The Colossal Undertaking of Sawing the Great Steel Hull of the Historic Liner Into Sections Under 240 Feet of Water to Recover Its \$15,000,000 in Treasure

THE Lusitania, sunk by a German submarine in May, 1915, is to be raised by sawing her gigantic hull into five parts.

Each of these parts when lifted is then to be floated by means of huge pontoons and carried away to a specially constructed dock, where everything of value will be removed.

This prodigious undertaking will shortly be under way, and it is believed that at least \$15,000,000 in money, gems and metal will be recovered. For many months dozens of plans for raising the Lusitania have been considered and rejected. The extraordinary operation to be described is the only one which offers a chance of success. It will cost probably five millions of dollars before it is done, but the profit of ten millions upon the scheme more than makes it worth while.

The cutting plan has been successfully tried out on two smaller vessels which did not lie, however, at so great a depth as the Lusitania.

It is the size of the sunken liner and the great depth in which she rests that present what for a time seemed insurmountable difficulties to her recovery. There are 240 feet of water over her. Pressure of the atmosphere upon the body at sea level is approximately fifteen pounds to the square inch. The pressure upon a body at 240 feet beneath the sea is a little over one hundred pounds to the square inch. The limit to which a diver can descend is about eighty feet. At 240 feet the water pressure would crush him like an egg.

Now, then, can human hands carry out such a colossal operation as slicing the huge steel hull, fastening the immense chains about the sections and doing this work so far beneath the surface of the sea under such stupendous pressure?

It is impossible to construct caissons to withstand the pressure at 240 feet. The mind turns naturally to submarines as the vehicles for the salvagers. Submarines, however, are not able to go below one hundred feet. Nevertheless a form of submarine will be used in the salvage. The inventors of the system are secretive. Enough has leaked out, however, to indicate that a form of submarine will be used especially constructed to withstand a pressure even greater than that upon the Lusitania.

These machines will be circular and capable of holding two men, together with the necessary equipment and tools. They will be connected with travelers upon the surface of the sea, from which, through cables, will come the power to manipulate their machinery.

Each circular submarine or movable diving-bell will contain several nitrogen lamps of great power, and by the aid of these the workmen will be able to penetrate the pitchy darkness which envelops the gigantic hull.

Electro-magnets are to be mounted in such a way that they can be moved in any direction, probably always in pairs. By means of the magnets the machines can be moved along the side of the steel hull as desired, and will hold firmly to the hull during the cutting.

From the machines extend drills and saws and magnetic cranes, operating through air locks and actuated by electric motors. After the plates of the hull and the decks have been cut through there will still remain steel bulkheads and stanchions and beams, but by means of the extension arms used with the crane the interior of the vessel can be reached.

The Lusitania is 735 feet long and 60 feet deep, with a beam of 88 feet, so it will readily be seen that the cutting operation will be extremely lengthy, and would be thought extensive even if the ship were out of the water. After the ship has been sawed into sections, specially designed pontoons will be floated over them and will be filled sufficiently with water to sink them almost to the upper works of the vessel. These pontoons will contain motors and pumps

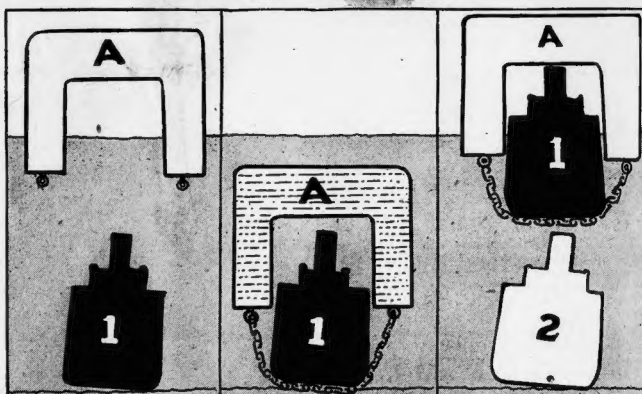


Diagram Showing, First, the Type of Pontoon (A) to Be Fitted Over the Lusitania's Hull (1). Next is Shown How the Pontoon (A), Defted of Air, Is Sunk Over the Section of the Hull (1) to Be Raised and There Made Fast With Immense Chains Stretched Beneath the Keel of the Section. The Third Picture Shows How, After Pumping Air Into the Pontoon, It Rises, Carrying With It the Section (1) to Which It Has Been Adjusted. (2) is the Remainder of the Hull Still to Be Lifted by Other Pontoons.

tions is being discussed by salvage experts in New York in this connection. A short time ago the Merritt & Chapman Co., one of the largest salvaging companies in the world, raised the wreck of the Lord Dufferin, and in the course of the work found it necessary to cut through thick steel beams. In the open air this work could be done most expeditiously by means of the oxy-acetylene torch, but this obviously would not be possible under water. By combining the oxy-acetylene principle with an electric device, however, the burning of the plates was done under water with fairly good success. The process has not been perfected and the Merritt & Chapman Co. will not make public the details, but it is known that a somewhat similar device has been used in European waters with good results. It is more than likely that it will be adapted to the salvaging of the Lusitania.

When the work of raising the huge bulk to the surface shall have been completed without disaster, they will find the bodies of those who went down in the Lusitania. It is known from soundings that the vessel lies in an upright position; she sank without listing after she went below the surface. The water is fairly cold, although the Gulf Stream flows very near the Irish coast at this point. At a depth of 240 feet the pressure of the water is as has been said, equivalent to approximately 100 pounds for every square inch of surface. With the bodies in practically the positions they assumed at the moment the

skills can seldom survive three or four times without the loss of almost all its flesh, so great is the effect of the constant pressure and friction of the ebbing and rising water.

The Germans have always asserted that the Lusitania bore a cargo of arms and ammunition. It was on this pretext that the German U-boat sank her. Will the British Government take pains to disclose the entire cargo of the ill-fated liner before a neutral commission, that the German claim may be forever silenced?

There have been other methods suggested from time to time for raising the Lusitania. In exceptional cases divers have been provided with specially constructed diving suits and have gone down below the 50-foot mark. In the raising of the United States submarine F-4, which sank outside Honolulu harbor on March 25, 1915, and which was refloated and towed into the harbor five months later, the divers went down more than two hundred feet. Such feats, however, are only attempted for purposes of observation. The bulky, rigid construction of the suits precludes the possibility of their use when active work is to be done by the diver.

The old method of raising a ship by means of pontoons was to float the pontoons on the surface above the vessel to be raised and hauling it up by means of cables. This has been deemed impracticable in the present instance.

At one time it was suggested that towers be erected around the Lusitania and that on these powerful derricks be mounted. The problem would then resolve itself into supplying enough power to lift the 4500 tons of the hull and the weight of the water in it, a herculean task more numerous in its conception than plausible.

Another plan that has been used in cutting bridges and in the raising of smaller vessels sunk in peculiarly situated spots on the ocean's bed is that of sinking a caisson, or steel cylinder, around the wreck, exhausting the water by pumps, and maintaining a sufficient pressure of air inside the caisson to keep the water out. In the case of the Lusitania, its depth and its size would preclude the possibility of using caissons. The pressure necessary to keep back the water would be too great for the bodies of the men working in the caisson. Their lungs would be smashed in and they would be crushed another from too much air inside of the lack of it. Besides, the caisson would have to be so large that the cost of constructing and maintaining it would be greater than the cost of building the Lusitania itself, and obviously there would be no profit in the salvage.

The estimated value of the Lusitania is so great that even if a year's time is required for the work the speculation will prove highly profitable. Aside from the value of the ship itself, it is known that over a million dollars in money went to the bottom, together with a cargo of expensive freight valued in 1915 at \$750,000, precious stones worth \$160,000, a fortune in gold, silver and copper ware and \$25,000 in sheet brass. A considerable quantity of this material is worth more today than it was in 1915. The British Government, the Cunard Line and the salvaging company expect to divide at least \$15,000,000 when the liner shall have been raised.

A Diagram of One of the Proposed Metal Diving-Bells Built Especially to Withstand the Enormous Pressure of 240 Feet Below the Ocean Surface and Equipped With the Machines to Cut Through the Lusitania's Hull. This Machinery Is Fed by Power from the Mother Ship Far Above.

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HIDDEN TREASURE

By
DAVID WHITELAW

Synopsis of Previous Chapters.

VIVIAN RENTON and Edith Haverton, modern soldiers of fortune, have been gambling with the exciting events that happened at the time of the Revolution, those strangely troubled days when the fair land of France was so deeply soaked with the blood of its own patriotic "citizens." In this way the most important details of the eddy mysterious bequest entrusted to Adam Haverton by the white-haired old aristocrat, Marquis de Darlington, can be more fully understood.

(Continued from Last Sunday)

CHAPTER IV.—Writing the Will.

It will be necessary to relate for a few moments some of the exciting events that happened at the time of the Revolution, those strangely troubled days when the fair land of France was so deeply soaked with the blood of its own patriotic "citizens." In this way the most important details of the eddy mysterious bequest entrusted to Adam Haverton by the white-haired old aristocrat, Marquis de Darlington, can be more fully understood.

So, while Vivian is leaning back on the cushions of his carriage wondering who is to be the next to enter into the possession of the murdered man's bequest, Park house and the offices in the Strand, let us listen to the song of the Revolution, shouted at the top of a thousand and unnumbered voices, which rumbled raucously from behind the red-curtained bay window of the "Star of Navarre" in the city of Blois. Flushing out into the still courtyard, it polluted the calm of the Spring evening and caused a traveler who had but that moment climbed, sufficed down from the saddle, to bite his under lip in irritation and to lead his mount into the shadow of a farm wagon which stood by the gateway leading to the stables.

There was no hostler at hand to attend to the animal; but Remy Pehacourt had ridden far and the horse needed no restraining hand on his bridle, but stood there with steaming neck outstretched to nibble at a few poor ears of corn which showed at the tail-board of the cart. Remy advanced cautiously to the vine-framed window. The song had now ceased and had given place to cat-interrupted laughter. The man in the courtyard, his body well screened against any sudden surprise from the room he was watching, availed himself of a small aperture in the blind—for it was the Spring of 1793, a time when men looked with suspicion on men, and when it were well to move warily and act with an infinite caution.

It was but a small portion of the apartment of the "Star of Navarre" that was visible, but it showed enough for Remy to draw back with a muttered curse. Seated at the head of the black oak table was a man, bearded and very dirty. On the board before him, papers and documents were mixed with the remains of a meal and with empty wine flasks.

More noticeably still was the curious assortment of weapons spread over the person of the sinister-looking individual himself. From the pocket of the great coat which was hung over the back of his chair a small blunderbuss showed its stock; in a belt at his waist two other firearms were ready to hand, while a porgard and a stiletto, in their scabbards, kept the other weapons company.

Remy did not need to raise his eyes from this arsenal to the evil face to know that he was looking at the infamous Herat, the devilish factotum of the Committee of General Safety, the friend and confidant of Robespierre, the wretch to whom nothing was sacred and who spared neither friends nor family so that his fatal lips be filled and Madame Guillotine be not kept waiting.

Often had he seen the armoured figure of the "terror of the Marais" quarters, and he knew well the man's cowardice, how in addition to his superfluity of weapons he never moved without a bodyguard of armed ruffians, eager and ready to do the bidding of their hideous master.

Remy could not, from his peep-hole in the blind, see how many the man had with him now, but he judged from the sound and from the shadows that followed and inter-valled across the wall and the blind, that they numbered at least half a dozen, and he felt that where his third horse, with drooping neck, nearly as high as the shadow of the cart.



drinking peasants. "Nothing seems to matter now. Our heads are sure to drop, however we act. Since the citizen parrot arrested the citizen king and so many of his citizen family as they could lay their citizen hands on, we citizen soldiers of August the 10th have been in hiding. 'Citizens'—I can smell them here. Give me some of your best, landlord, to take away the taste."

The traveler paused to drink the wine which his host poured out, then he added in a lower tone: "The Marquis de Darlington is he at the chateau?"

"He was yesterday. You are going there, citizen? You have bows of his son? He was one of those who defended the Tuileries, was he not?" Then, as Remy nodded over his glass: "News takes long to reach here. What think you will do with the qu—with Citizen Capet?"

For answer Remy took up a knife from the table, and, pointing it horizontally, let it fall edgewise on the board. He rose with a little laugh.

"As for the young seigneur, as one of the officers of the Petit Perse he is a suspect. It does not do for any of the defenders of the Revolution—have nothing to fear." Remy solemnly winked at Jacques as he spoke and finished his wine.

"I can leave my horse here, I suppose." It will likely sleep at the chateau."

Remy Pehacourt, stepping out along the uneven road, turned off into a narrower track, which, threading a little wood, led to the bridge which spanned the meads of the Chateau de Charville, the coat of arms of whose towers he had seen above a clump of poplars from the door of the inn. The massive stoup mysterious in the pale light of the newly risen moon, its white towers, ivy covered and discolored with age, showing faithfully in the placid depths of the moat, where lily leaves made green patches on the surface and two swans seemed to lounge motionless upon the water.

The man crossed the bridge and looked in. The little holds flanked with the towers, they counterparts of those of the building Herat. A sleep servant took his message and a few moments later Remy was

ushered into the great dining hall of the castle. Dinner was over, but wine and a dish of fruit still remained upon the polished oak of the long table. A small fire had been lighted on the massive hearth, and shone upon the features of an elderly man who rose from an arm-chair as his visitor entered.

"Ah! Remy, I am glad to see you; but Gaspard's letter said to-morrow—I am afraid you will not find us ready." He smiled a little as he spoke. "You see, in these times we do not entertain much."

He turned and pulled a silken bell-rope, and to the servant who answered his summons, made arrangements for the guest-chamber to be prepared and for a meal to be served at once. He motioned Remy into a chair facing him.

"—glad, and perhaps a little frightened. One never knows what to expect in these days. You have left Gaspard well?"

"Quite, Monsieur le Marquis—and safe. He is a man to be proud of, he—and the work he is doing back there in Paris. He is in the thick of the fight, running with the bare and with the wounds, and ever helping the bare. Many a condemned prisoner has found himself at liberty through Gaspard's good offices, and Sanson has been cheated of many heads. He fights the tribune with his own weapons, and some of his most important members have gone to the guillotine on evidence procured or manufactured by Citizen Gabriel, as your son calls himself when with the 'hounds.' Then he is a friend

of Couthon and visits Hezon, who engraves the forged passports. You can understand, sir, how it is impossible for him to come to you. Luckily, his name was published among those officers of the Petit Perse who fell on the 10th of August—that lies his safety—no far as it is believed."

The entrance of the servant prevented further speech, and, even when the meal was cleared away, the old man sat silent. Whilst his visitor had been eating the nobleman had taken from his pocket the letter he had received from his son the day before. He had read it through, and now he sat, the paper hanging limply from his fingers, gazing into the flames.

Remy leaned back in his chair and watched the firelight play shadow tricks upon the shapely features of furniture and the dull gleam of mirrors, and a candelabra of three branches shed an oasis of light over the panelled walls as though the corner of the splendid room were in deep shadow, in which loomed the indistinct shapes of furniture and the dull gleam of mirrors. Portraits of dead and gone owners of the chateau looked down from the panelled walls as though wondering what had become of the gay revellers of their own time, and why it was that the hall of the Darlings was so desolate. The trophies of the Revolution, the finished frames, and here and there was the cold sheen of armor.

The Marquis looked up suddenly. "You must forgive me, Monsieur Pehacourt, as I was thinking, he tapped the letter with a white and

tapering forefinger, "and I was wondering, too, at this. Did Gaspard tell you what he wants me to do?"

Remy Pehacourt nodded. "I understood that I am to see that you and your grandchildren reach Pehacourt in safety. Was of Gaspard's hand obey his orders implicitly?"

"Over fast, my young sir, you go over fast. I am under no oath of obedience to my own son. Understand me, I will not leave the Chateau de Charville."

"The door of the dining-hall flew open, there was a parter of ivory bare feet, and a small person of some four summers precipitated herself, between tears and laughter, into the arms of the old nobleman. From her grandmother's sanctuary she glanced defiantly at her nurse, a sober-faced daughter of Abbeau, who stood, hesitating, at the door.

"She is naughty, Monsieur le Marquis; she will not sleep. It is Pierre at the lodge—he tells her stories of Paris and—"

Two rosy hands crept up and caressed the thin cheeks of the old man, and blue eyes full of a shrewd terror looked through the masses of golden curls into his. And the Marquis de Darlington, who had been the night-chamber figure in his arms, signed to the nurse.

"Leave the little maid with you, Sanson; she is frightened at what the wicked Pierre tells her." He passed the little rounded shoulder.

"He is a wicked one, that Pierre, Sylvia, and tomorrow I will give him to the giant who takes away the naughty children of people who tell stories—"

With such childish comfortings he soothed the motherless child until the small figure relaxed and the little blue-ruined feet dropped like faded lilies, still and slender in the freight.

"The Marquis bent his head and pressed his lips to the shining curls and looked up over them at the man in the chair opposite him. "I have changed my mind, Remy."

(Continued on Next Page)

Charming Love-Surprising Mystery--Exciting Adventure

(Continued from Preceding Page)

You are right when you say the young must teach the old. I fear I had forgotten the maid. In a little while I will relate you. Henceforth

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I am in your hands--and in Gaspard's.

And treading softly, the old nobleman crossed the room, bearing the little sleeping form in his arms.

It was past midnight when Remy Percanout was shown to his room. A small bedchamber in the eastern tower, which overlooked a plantation of forest land showing black against the moon-bathed country side.

The young man stood for a few moments leaning against the framework of the window, drinking in the perfume of the night. The troubled land of France lay sleeping; there was no sound save the harsh croaking of roan from the marshy pools, and a dog barking somewhere in the village. It was all so peaceful, and Remy's face grew set and hard as he thought of what was going on back there in Paris--nay, even at the very doors of the chateau--how man to man the sacred names of Liberty and Fraternity.

With a sigh he pulled to the wooden shutters and prepared for sleep. By nightfall next day they would be in the chair that led to safety. For all "The Incorruptible" had never seen the papers, the "Robespierre" at their foot lacked nothing of that patriotic callowery. Remy held them to the light of his candle and chuckled to himself at the perfection of Becon's skill.

True, these papers did not free him from his shoulders the load of responsibility for his charges. He called to mind the red-lined features of the Marquis de Dantigny and the downy beauty of little St. Silas. It might go hard with them did they fall into the hands of some of the smaller provincial tribunals, who might think it necessary to make inquiries from the Convention itself. Well did Remy know the bloodstain that was upon the "patriots," and that where a proper virtue was, there were they not but few chances.

But Remy Percanout was of far superior wisdom to mere power. What he missed his ready wit did not rescue the aged St. Silas from the very foot of the scaffold!

As he looked it came to Remy that the beautiful Duchess de Serrail from Paris to St. Silas, both disguised as strolling players, and had even played together in the courtyard of an inn where the famous Le Bon himself was starting; more, he had collected a few coins from the pro-consul, money which had stood them in good stead. Away over in England, in Jersey, in Hibernia, and over the Belgian frontier, were many thankful husbands and sisters who whispered in their prayers the names of Remy Percanout and Gaspard de Dantigny.

As the young man lay in the big four-poster bed, with its high, twisted columns and its curtains of rich brocade, he thought of these things and thanked his God for the great opportunities which were his. But below him, in the little hall, the Marquis de Dantigny still lay dead and gray ashes in the fireplace. His gaze was fixed upon the death-crown carved over the head and a great bitterness showed in his sunken eyes.

He felt particularly helpless in the trouble which had come upon his beloved France. It is hard when one has nearly reached the goal, travelling by the most direct way, to leave behind one the home of one's ancestors--to become an exile in a foreign land. For an hour the old nobleman sat there, his head buried in his hands, and a sigh rose to his lips.

How long Remy felt he could not tell. He was aware only of the fact that something had been the cause, and, alert on the instant, he raised himself on his elbow to listen. His life for the last year had been in the shadow of death, and he had taught him to lie with his hand on his weapon.

Now attention which quietly, with stillness, was inculcated with words, he was now in the life of the world is at its lowest ebb. For a few moments Remy sat still, then, as he was about to return to his dreams, something sounded in the room below him, a

noise which grated harshly on the ear. The young soldier slid from the bed to the floor. What he had heard was of all the world like the grating of locks, rusty and seldom used, and now that his ear was attuned to his surroundings, he could make out the stealthy movements of footsteps.

Half-dressed as he was he quickly opened the door of his room and peered out into the dark landing. The moonlight streamed in at the long, many-paned window, and cut a mosaic of brilliance on the oak stairs and on the fantastically carved banisters. Looking down into the hall below, the young man saw that the door of the dining-room stood partly open. Carefully he descended the stairs, his stockinged feet making no sound.

It was only a portion of the large room that came within his range of vision, but that portion took in the further end of the long table, where, beneath the light of a pair of candles, the Marquis de Dantigny sat writing. Before him on the table were papers and cases and boxes, the latter of heavy oak, massive and brass-bound. One of

the panels were large and plain, with the exception of a minute heading and a carved device at the corners. It was this latter which had caught Remy's eye--a device, conventional enough, of a cornucopia.

CHAPTER V.

A B Remy waited in the dining-hall for the Marquis to join him, but he ran over in his mind his programme. With his hands clasped lightly behind his back he moved up and down the long room, his eyes fixed on the wall before him. Suddenly he stopped, then, with a swift turn to the panning of the wall to the right of the fireplace.

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please the "patriots," and the safety of the woman would consist in her being alone with the child--the pro-consul and the procurers of the towns through which they must travel to learn to respect a party of people. As for the Marquis and himself, they must rely on their wits, and they would be able to take risks which the presence of the woman and little Sylvia would forbid.

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CHAPTER V.

Heatless Living Room

Porch Etiquette

WHERE do we live in Summer, in the house or on the porch? Or do we compromise and live on the porch? If we do, we shall be sure of a Summer of health and one offering many pleasant social opportunities.

Today the large screened outside porch is as much a part of the average home as the living room is in Winter.

It matters not whether the porch is to the front, the side or the rear, whether it be a commodious veranda or a more limited "stoop." The whole point is to have some outdoor section of the house, protected from the sun and insects which can be used extensively by all the family.

Possibly we gained our ideas of outdoor eating and relaxation from England or France or Italy, where in these countries we find the "loggia," or such terraces which invite to outdoor life. It is only a few years ago when there was scarcely a house in our country that boasted an outdoor living-room porch for greater Summer comfort. But fortunately we have now come out into the open, and we no more think of serving afternoon refreshments indoors in Summer, but instead have habituated our porches to this end.

Fortunately are those who a season or two ago bought their porch furniture and fittings, because such have so advanced in price. But there are still many attractive porch wares, stools and chairs for moderate sums which reason the porch into an outdoor living room. Each season, too, new developments in the straw or paper floor coverings. You may say "paper?" Yes, I possessed a fabric rug for a whole season before I discovered that it was not fabric at all, but only most ingeniously woven paper!

The hostess who wishes to excel in Summer hospitality will do well to study porch etiquette. She will need a table, or preferably a wheel tray, to accommodate her dishes and foods. One of the best of these is oblong, with a separate drawer for holding silver, and a glass top underneath, which is an attractive cretence. This has three trays, so that quite a generous meal may be served upon its shelves. Its rubber-tired wheels move easily from place to place.

The Summer service, either in dishes or glass, demands originality of design, high color and uniqueness. No one could think of serving a Summer beverage or sherbet in the humdrum dishes of the dining room. No, they must be brightly colored, of pink or blue or lavender, or gay with flowers, or in some way mirroring the gayness of the season. Plain white dollops and napkins are also out of place on the porch, and their places should be taken by napkins of color.

or mix, which enables beverages to be thoroughly emulsified before serving.

Others are a bottle opener, a corkscrew, a cork puller, by which is meant a thin device like a knitting needle, with which to withdraw a cork if it has become carelessly pushed into the bottle. Various ornamental fruit cutters will enable the hostess to add decorative effects to her various sherbets and punches. An orange divider and a grapefruit knife, a strawberry huller, which picks other berries equally well, a pineapple slicer, a corn splitter are some of the other Summer tools for the kitchen and ultimately for the porch.

The hostess who expects to do much Summer entertaining would be wise to lay in a stock of fancy biscuits or crackers. It is possible to arrange such biscuits together by means of a little boiling so as to form cups or baskets in which to lay salads or soups. For example, three of the round sweet water put into the form of a triangle will make an attractive box for serving any sweet dish. If salted crackers be used it will serve for salads.

No Summer porch is complete without its very light of color, which we may find in pillows, hangings for the swing, furniture, etc. For such coverings cushions probably is best, not only durable, but most picturesque and high colored. Select the drapery for the various porch furniture first and then harmonize the china and smaller details.

By Mrs. Christine Frederick,
The Distinguished Authority on Household Efficiency.

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Shapely Feet

WELL-SHAPED feet are much rarer today than they were in the days of the Romans and the Greeks, mainly because we ignore them in unventilated, sun-baking shoes instead of wearing the sandals of the ancients. These gave the feet ample light and air.

The feet, like the hair, need sunlight. Think how very little the poor, imprisoned feet get. They need air and yet how surprisingly little that is given them!

It is certainly unfortunate that the arbiters of fashion have not seen fit to condemn modern shoes in favor of the ancient sandal. More harm is done to the foot by the present-day footwear than is done to the hair by the unusual shapes into which it is curled and twisted or to the vital organs by tight-fitting corsets.

Some years ago it did become more or less of a fashion for children to wear sandals, but unfortunately their parents were not wise enough to follow their example. But if you do not wear sandals yourself there is no reason why you shouldn't have your children wear them, even in Winter.

The wool stockings that are now so popular. Remember, it is even more important that the child's feet be properly taken care of than the adult's.

In early life the bones are naturally soft and may be readily forced out of their normal shapes by any considerable exterior pressure. For this reason it is obvious that to maintain the proper contour of the child's foot the sandal is in every way much more satisfactory than the shoe.

Moreover, adults can improve the condition of their feet by wearing sandals in the home, even if the prevailing fashion does not permit of their wearing them out of doors. To be thoroughly healthy the feet must be kept scrupulously clean. So much are they exposed, even through the Winter, that they need more than the perfunctory wash of the morning plunge or shower. They should be bathed every night in a foot-bath containing very warm water. If the feet be tender the water should contain borax in the proportion of an ounce to a gallon.

Warm salt water is also very useful for tired feet and is especially useful for reducing the swelling in swollen feet. This powder, sprinkled into the water, affords almost miraculous relief. Borax (powdered), 1 ounce; sea salt, 1 ounce; alum, 1/2 ounce. Use one cupful to a gallon of water.

For tired, swollen feet, too.

lemon juice, sprinkled freely into the water, is an excellent means of alleviation. An easier way to apply it is to cut a lemon in half and rub the soles of the feet with it.

Calloused spots may be removed from the sole by planing off the rough surfaces with pumice stones. The English custom that you might well emulate is this: Give the feet a rest after a long walk by bathing them in an infusion of rosemary leaves. Steep the rosemary leaves, half an ounce to a gallon of water. When sufficiently cool bathe the feet for twenty minutes in the mixture, adding warm water now and then as the water in the foot-bath cools.

For feet inclining to excessive perspiration a powder made of these ingredients should be used in the foot-bath: Tannin, 40 grains; Iodoquin powder, 8 grains; talcum. One teaspoonful of the powder to a gallon of warm water is enough.

Sensitive feet are much relieved by this remedy, which is very popular in England. Rub gently with 1/2 pound; juniper berries, ounces; dried mint, 1/2 ounce. Boil.

By Lina Cavalieri,
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Appetizing Menus for the Week

MONDAY	TUESDAY	WEDNESDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURDAY	SUNDAY
Breakfast Cereal, Baked Beans, Quick Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Cereal, Sliced Ham, Mashed Potatoes, Custard.	Breakfast Stewed Fruit, Cold Cereal, Tongue, Roast Chicken, Luncheon Cakes and Cream, Chestnut Lemon Jelly, Dinner Fruit Cocktail, Roast Beef, Chestnut Chestnut Chestnut	Breakfast Cereal, Baked Beans, Quick Muffins, Coffee.	Breakfast Cereal, Sliced Ham, Mashed Potatoes, Custard.	Breakfast Cereal, Sliced Ham, Mashed Potatoes, Custard.	Breakfast Cereal, Sliced Ham, Mashed Potatoes, Custard.

Cool Puddings for Hot Days

Bread Pudding.
SOAK 2 cups stale bread crumbs in 1 quart scalded milk. When cold add 1/2 cup sugar, 1/2 cup melted butter, 2 slightly beaten eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt and 1/2 teaspoon flavoring. Turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a slow oven until firm.

Orange Pudding.
MIX 4 tablespoons cornstarch with 1/2 cup cold water or milk. Add gradually to 3/4 cups scalded milk and cook over hot water for 20 minutes, stirring constantly. Turn into mold lined with cold water and chill. Turn out in large serving dish, decorate with ripe berries, cut in halves, and surround with sauce made as follows: Boil 1 scant cup sweetened strawberry pulp (pressed through sieve) and 1 egg white and beat 10 or 15 minutes. This is an attractive substitute for whipped cream.

Delicious Rice Pudding.
COOK 1/2 cup rice until tender in boiling salted water. Scald 3 cups milk and add the drained rice. Mix 1/2 cup sugar with 1/2 cup cold milk and add to the rice stirring constantly until thick. Cook 20 minutes over hot water. Add the slightly beaten eggs, 1/2 teaspoon salt, 1/2 teaspoon flavoring, 2 minutes, or until the egg is set. Turn into buttered pudding dish and cover with meringue made with 4 egg whites and 8 tablespoons sugar. Bake in a moderate oven until delicately brown.

Coconut Pudding.
MIX 1/2 cup cornstarch and 1/2 cup sugar. Dilute with 1 cup cold milk or water. Stir into 3 cups scalded milk and cook 20 minutes over hot water, stirring constantly until thick and then occasionally. Add 1 cup of drained grated coconut, mix well, and fold in 3 stiffly beaten egg whites. Turn into a mold lined with cold water and set in ice box to chill. Serve with 1 can of custard sauce.

Blueberry Pudding.
HEAT 3 cups sweetened stewed berries to boiling point. Add 1/2 cup cornstarch diluted with 1 cup cold water. Bring to boiling point and then cook over hot water about 30 minutes. A few drops of lemon juice may be added. Pour into wet custard cups and chill. Turn out and serve with whipped cream, sweetened and flavored with a little grated lemon rind or extract.

Chocolate Bread Pudding.
MELT 1 1/2 squares chocolate over hot water and add 1/2 cup milk gradually, mixing to form a smooth paste. Add 1 1/2 cups cold milk gradually and 1 cup soft stale bread or cake crumbs. If bread crumbs are used add 1 cup sugar and if cake crumbs are used less sugar. Cook over hot water until a smooth creamy paste is formed. If the crumbs lump press through potato ricer. Beat 3 egg whites until light, add 1/2 cup milk, 2 tablespoons butter and a pinch of salt and stir into the hot mixture. Cook over hot water until thick, add 1/2 teaspoon vanilla, turn into a buttered pudding dish and bake in a moderate oven about 20 minutes. Remove from oven, cover with meringue and bake in a moderate oven until delicately brown. The meringue is made as follows: Beat 3 egg whites until stiff and add gradually 6 tablespoons of sugar and 1/2 teaspoon vanilla.

Sunday American-Examiner Patterns

A SMART SUMMER FROCK (3260). The pattern is cut in 3 sizes: 16, 18 and 20 years. An 18-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 46-inch material for waist and skirt and 1 1/2 yards for the jumper.

A PRETTY FROCK FOR THE "LITTLE ONE" (3271). The pattern is cut in 5 sizes: 2, 3, 4, 5 and 6 years. A 5-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A PLEASANT WAIST STYLE (3265). The pattern is cut in 4 sizes: 24, 26, 28, 30, 32, 34 and 36 inches bust measure. A 36-inch size will require 3 yards of 36-inch material.

A SMART SKIRT (3246). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 22, 24, 26, 28, 30, 32 and 34 inches waist measure. Size 24 will require 3 1/2 yards of 44-inch material.

A QUAIN AND UP-TO-DATE FROCK FOR THE LITTLE MISS (3269). It is cut in 4 sizes: 4, 6, 8 and 10 years. A 6-year size will require 3 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A POPULAR HOUSE OR PORCH DRESS (3277). The pattern is cut in 7 sizes: 26, 28, 30, 32, 34, 36 and 38 inches bust measure. A 38-inch size will require 4 1/2 yards of 36-inch material.

A GOOD "HOUSE AND SKIRT STYLE" FOR THE GROWING GIRL (3270). It is cut in 4 sizes: 8, 10, 12 and 14 years. A 12-year size will require 9 yards of 36-inch material for the blouse and skirt of one material. The skirt alone requires 3 yards of 36-inch material.

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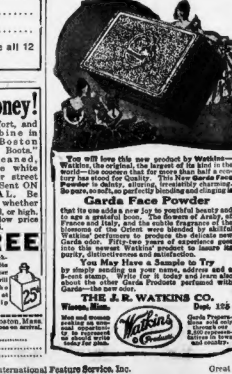
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THE GENUINE CLOTH
MFD. ONLY BY GOODALL WORSTED CO.

Genuine Palm Beach Suits are shown in
many patterns—dark colors as well as light
AT ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS

Palm Beach
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You'll know it's the Genuine when
you see the Palm Beach Label
AT ALL GOOD CLOTHIERS